

## The Professor's Experiment

By M. QUAD.

be missed to tell the householder that a burglar had been there and escaped in the night.

Yes, the window was still raised, still invited the criminal. It still tempted him to make a dash for it, a first start on the downward path. Perhaps the Professor grinned in the dark, but he did not move. He was in the rear of the house. He was expected at the front—therefore, he appeared at the back door. He was not seen. He was the Professor's window. Though armed with putty-knife and chisel it took him half an hour to get in. He was not working very quietly. He was not told to be so. He took his case by a noise which would reach a sleeper and arouse him.

Longbody went into that window like a monkey. He was mistaken about its being the pantry as he thought it was. The dining-room was shut, and there was a dark-lantern. It was flashed. That was all. He was in. The dark lantern had been bought all right, but the Professor had not bought any oil to light it. He must hunt for matches in a strange house at midnight. He had forgotten to post himself as to the whereabouts of the matches. He tried electricity, gas or lamps, but he softly opened the door and found himself in the kitchen. He was not in the kitchen safe, if there was one? In the kitchen probably. He went feeling for the matches. He found them when he bumped up against a table and involuntarily put out his hands and touched a hot object. He disheveled and tumbled them to the floor.

The Professor crouched on the floor and waited. He waited for half an hour and he had only a few seconds to wait. The alarm was suddenly flooded with the electric light. The match was running down stairs with revolver in hand. No move was made to get away. On the contrary, the Professor's philosophy and logic got to his feet and said to him:

"Well, question a man with the gun as he sat down on another."

"What?" replied Professor Longbody.

"Oh, yes," replied the householder, "you know the old theory of philosophy and logic at the school, but you don't practice what you teach. You are a philosopher, an experimenter, was the rather weak reply."

"Yes, I have expected you since you first appeared. I have expected you to be watching you that day. You had convinced yourself that you were smarter than the smartest criminal."

—E. A.

"Professor Longbody, it is one thing to teach abstract, and another thing



\*THE PROFESSOR CROUCHED ON  
THE FLOOR.\*

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the Professor in tones of bitterest reproach.

"Why nothing, Professor—nothing at all. You are free to go. You have no more to do here. I am glad that it has been a stupendous blunder and a dire failure."

"Thank you, sir, for understanding me that way," replied the erudite man.

"Oh, no thanks, my dear man. Before

you go, however, let me tell you that a robber came around here while you was at work in the back and effected

the entrance to the house next door, which is taking care of itself while the other two are in the hands of the plunder will be valued at least \$500. Good night, Professor Longbody—keep it up and stick to your text books!"

To find either of the men nervous and excited as it was their first duel, but they were as cool and calm as old veterans on the field.

"The moment came for me to ask if they were ready, and they both replied in the affirmative," says Alf. "Then followed the word that their lives were the death of one of them. Their opponents were silent, the fingers pressed the trigger and I knew no more for the next ten minutes. When I did open my eyes I saw the six men standing in a circle as if a field after a battle. Both principals were down—the other second was up. I saw the other grand and he had the company of 30 or 40 of his associates."

What had happened, such was this: A morning thunderstorm had come on, and was unobserved. The first flash of it was seen by the spectators and they rushed into matchlock. All of a sudden a heavy electric shock—enough to render a man unconscious—came down on them at first, but I thought all were dead and I was alone. I saw the other grand and I was alone. The twins replied, "I thought you were dead," and the first words spoken after I did and Alf—

"Alfred—Guy?"

"I was as dead as soon as he did and I went up to his brother, and he fell into my arms, and in half a minute their arms were in the past. Spectators came up and took a good long look at them, and we had a half hour of high talk. I told you in the beginning, Alf," said the Master of the Gun, "and I walked around, 'that it was a strange thing.' The end of the affair should be strange and strange."

"In a week the eyes of the twins began to grow better and continued until with the aid of a doctor or two they were on their way about as well as the rest of us. Both entered into the practice of the law, and were successful lawyers. So I contend that that thunderbolt had nothing to do with it, I have heard a great many different theories, but I have none to offer myself. I simply set it to tell you of the strangest deal that I ever took place, and have done so."

**His Other Thoughts.**

It was the sole survivor of the wreck of the *Maple* and on Lake Erie, and when asked what his thoughts were, he found the steamer sinking under his feet.

"I thought of the future, of course," Alf said, "but my thoughts turned to the eternal world."

"No, sir, I don't. I mean that my thoughts turned toward home, and I tried to swim to the shore. I swam three miles, walk ten more and got